

GOD CARES

FOR THE
SINNERS

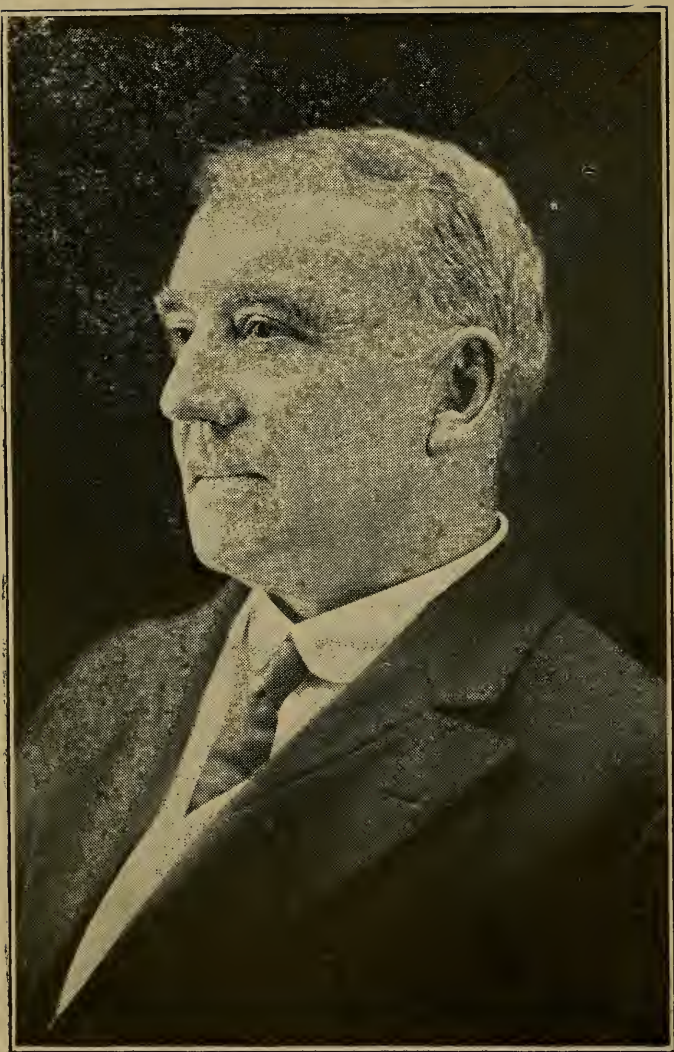
GEORGE W. DUFFEL



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GOD CARES



George W. Durham.

GOD CARES

"He Careth for You"

BY

GEORGE W. DURHAM
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These songs, which have sung
themselves,
are lovingly dedicated to
MY MOTHER.

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TRUST.

If we trust, we do not question;
For we know that God will care,
And that One whom we are trusting
Will our trials gladly bear.

But if we fret and worry,
And keep wondering if He will,
We are far from trusting wholly,
There are doubts within us still.

Let us ask for faith and patience,
Let us talk to God each day;
'T will surprise you how such talking
Will your doubts and fears allay.

THE TEMPTER.

The Tempter came near unto me,
He held it just where I could see,
He smiled, and asked me to come;
He said 't was a glass of good rum.

The morning was cold and damp,
My body was all in a cramp,
I felt it so kind of him
To offer me rum and gin.

I never had taken a drink;
Mother had taught me to think
That poison lurked in the stuff,
And I never could get enough.

That my blood would thin up with ale;
That my life would be a sad tale,
And my future be spent in jail,
With eternity's time to bewail.

But something inside me said, "Go!"
What it was that spoke I don't know—
But I stepped to the Tempter and said,
"You lead." And away we sped.

I am sober now, 't is all o'er;
But I feel I have sunken lower
Than ever I've been before.
Lord, see that I do it no more.

I can feel on my face the shame—
I blush at my mother's name;
I wish the day had no dawn,
That I fell to the Tempter's fawn.

This sin I've committed will damn,
Unless the blood of the Lamb
Can wash out the spot from my soul
And make me again true and whole.

But there's balm in Gilead, I'm told,
For all who are into sin sold;
I'll seek that restoring balm,
And see if my soul will find calm.

GOD'S GREAT LOVE.

God is great and good to me,
He has been all along.
There are dangers I never see,
But His great care is strong.

He loves me not because of worth,
Nor things that I have done;
His love for me on this old earth
Is prompted by His Son.

I wish I were a better man:
That turned out neither way.
I try to do the best I can,
And in His path to stay.

He'll help me up the hill I know.
He steadies me at times,
He often shows me where to go;
He knows the lovely climes.

GETTING THROUGH.

We will all get through
To the Land of the new,
If we follow our Master Divine.

He mapped out the way
To the City of Day,
And that City is something sublime.

So do not let things
Destroy faith's wings,
And keep you from rising on high.

CHARITY.

The one thing needed by all
Is charity for those who fall.
To criticise is so small;
Never answer the gossip's call,
In this life.

The above is true, so true,
And the unkind thing we do,
And so much is said untrue,
And it's meant for us and you,
In this life.

Sure as faith we all do wrong;
There is none of us so strong
That we pass the years along
With but right deeds as a song,
In this life.

And we could so much reveal
If with our own deeds we'd deal;
We could make a gossip's meal,
Make our neighbors fairly reel,
 In this life.

But we do not tell our thought,
Nor the misdeeds we've wrought,
Nor the vain things we've sought,
Nor that that's come to nought,
 In this life.

Had we such charity for others,
Could we feel all men our brothers,
And see good in all mothers,
We'd love while hate smothers,
 In this life.

BRIGHTEN UP.

While passing through this world of woe
And sin and sorrow here below,
If we could make some light and love,
The God that sees us from above

Would more than likely point us out
As one that puts the night to rout;
Heaven would shout because we know
The way to lift a brother's woe.

Why not throw off that haggard look,
And learn a lesson from the Book,
And keep the corner where you are
As bright as any morning star?

TO JESUS.

To Jesus I go,
For my sins I know
Are registered somewhere in black.

I am hunting the way
From the sins of the day;
I am trying to find my way back.

But Jesus I'll meet,
He's hunting my street;
He will put me on the right track.

MOTHER EARTH.

I slight not this wondrous World,
I love its night and day;
Its flowery fields are dear to me,
Its eve-tide and morning ray,

The music of its lovely streams,
The color of its field and wood,
The canopy of diamond sky—
All these to me look good.

Then I belong to Mother Earth,
She is a part of me;
This body, that I love so well,
Is earth, by God's decree

But what of me, the real me,
That part that hopes and fears?
Is there no country I may see
Without old Death and tears?

Old World, I do not love you less,
 You 've much that I adore;
But listen to me, Mother Earth,
 I love yon Heaven much more.

A CHILD'S PRAYER.

Father, if I have been to-day
Bad or naughty in any way;
If I have caused Thee to regret
Any example I may have set;
If I have, in some weak time,
Caused offence to Thee or thine—
Father, now, I pray Thee, hear:
Please forgive and make me clear.
Oh, before to bed I go,
Let Thy Spirit make me know
That I have Thy smiles so sweet;
Then my slumbers I can meet
With a conscience oh so clear,
And a Savior oh so near.

THE GOOD FELLOW.

I know a jolly good fellow,
Who ever sings and shouts;
He grumbles not nor quarrels,
But hands the laugh about.

I know another fellow,
In this same land of ours,
Who carries with him all the time
A package of cold sours.

One hands to you a laugh and shout,
Is pleasant, smiling and content;
The other puts the laugh to rout—
I wish he'd keep more Lent.

MEN.

We meet men in the walks of life,
In ones and twos and scores;
No two agree on every thing,
And all have private doors.

Most men agree upon the chase,
And start to win the game.
Some honest enter in the race,
And some are honest lame.

The chase I speak of here is gain,
The quarry is the dollar;
To some the race grows very tame,
But in the pit they "holler."

But when they follow up the chase,
And gather in the prey,
They find the goddess on the face
Has no power on Judgment Day.

A few there be of this great throng
Who all the day long through
Assist their fellow man along
And dry a tear or two.

Such men will end their race in peace,
No earthly goddess theirs,
And at the Judgment Day a lease
On pleasure without cares.

And when you think of it, my friend,
The two kinds to compare,
You'd rather join the chase and end
With gold they bank up there.

For He has said, without a doubt,
The servant of mankind
Shall go to Heaven by that route,
And ever after shine.

But if you end the race in strife,
Your whole chase has been gain;
You surely, friend, will lose your life,
And gather naught but pain.

MY PRAYER.

Speak to me, Lord; I wish to know
Whether I live for Thee, or no.
Tell me, my God, tell me now,
Things to correct in me, and how.

Oh give me a brighter, clearer sky,
A later, plainer chart to go by.
Cause me to live in close to Thee.
If I succeed, 't is there I must be.

Give me the power to do Thy will,
And the desire to go up hill.
Lord, help a man that desires right,
Who does not want eternal night.

BE NOT DISCOURAGED.

No stream from its source to the sea
ever passes
But what touches some sod and
refreshes some grasses.

Know this: Honest love, honest sorrow
have beauty,
And this fruit is borne in by doing
your duty.

Then be not discouraged or downcast
or sad,
But rather give place to the smiles
and be glad.

GOD'S POWER.

I knew a man who used to own
A body with a graceful tone;
It seemed just perfect every way,
A perfect body made of clay.

But this and that and something more
Befell that body oft and sore,
Until at last it helpless lay
Upon a cot the livelong day.

But when that body clear gave out,
It had to take the clayey route;
There's nothing known to keep it clear,
Or bring to it eternal cheer.

I knew a soul that once was pure,
'Gainst all wrongs seemed to endure;
But this and that and something more
Came rolling 'gainst that soul galore,

Until it could not mount on high;
To God above it scarce could cry.
There was a power came from without,
To hold that soul from utter rout.

That soul began the beat-back fight,
To reach the day and see the light;
Its cry attracted Heaven's ear,
Christ came down that soul to clear.

GOD SEES.

If all our thoughts and motives
Were as open as a book,
Where would our position be?
I wonder how we'd look.

Well, all is open to His eye,
He notes our every mood;
Still, He gives us health and peace,
And brings us daily food.

So let us thank Him for His love,
And ask for pardon now,
For He will grant us our request,
He never breaks His vow.

LOOK UP.

Some men that count on God,
These get higher than the sod.
There are men who put no trust
Above this sphere of dirt and dust.

The soul of man shall never die,
When loosed from here it will fly
Into the bright ethereal blue,
Feast forever on Heaven's dew.

But as we think, so shall we live.
We make our place; He does not give
Our standing. The things we do
Count for us, false or true.

Thoughts we think, things we say,
While living in this house of clay,
Will be the factors that decide
The place where we'll reside.

TOO LATE.

An old man sat in his quiet room;
The sun was passing from view;
His facial expression was that of gloom;
His time was short, that he knew.

The laugh of a little child at the door,
The soft moo of a mother cow;
He raised his eyes up from the floor,
And said, "'Tis evening now."

The child pushed to her Grandpa's knee;
The calf passed out of the yard;
The old man peered out to see,
And muttered, "'Tis hard, t'is hard."

"If I had done it long, long ago,
If I had followed her advice,
At this very hour I might know
Of her Savior's great sacrifice."

Then seeming conscious of little May,
And pressing her close to his breast,
He said in his very slow, slow way,
"Little child, your mother knew best."

The hours went by, the child retired;
The cow with her babe was still;
But the heart of that old man was fired,
For his life was an empty till.

The mother mentioned was long since dead;
Her departure had softened him some;
But the life of a materialist he'd led;
But these spiritual thoughts will come,

No one now seemed to know or to care;
In fact, none had spoken to him
Regarding that other life over there;
His chance of happiness seemed dim.

The old black Prince rapped at his door—
I mean the door of his heart;
He knew the visitor, for oft before
His presence had caused him to start.

His guest immediately made known
The errand that called him there.
He said, "Your body unfit has grown,
And your soul must go elsewhere."

The old man shook, and started to rise,
But the body responded not.
God had called him to his earthly demise;
But he had no heavenly lot.

The child awoke to travel her road;
The kine rises blind to her fate;
But the old man now takes up his load,
And cries out, "Too late! too late!"

DIFFERENT WAYS.

The ways of the very large city
Are not the ways of the small town;
There is less of the touch of pity
That sends old love around.

In the city the hearse excites not,
Nor do mourners move us to sigh;
But that death and hearse is our lot,
And our pilgrimage may be nigh.

Help us to mourn with the mourners,
Father, help us to think of our time;
For none of us claim to be owners
Of life everlasting in this clime.

MY PRAYER.

O God, to Whom all men must come,
I pray Thee hear my prayer;
I know that I have often sinned,
And fallen short, but Thou dost care.

Thy love hath followed me all the year,
And sin on sin I know has been
Recorded in that entry-book of Thine;
O God, please pardon what is therein.

I dare not promise Thee to better be;
For often I have made that same,
And I see, as I look back on time,
That I have trifled with Thy holy name.

So, Lord, forgive the past, I pray;
Perhaps I may be better some day;
But watch me from time to time,
And hold me on the King's highway.

ALWAYS PRAY.

When things look a little dark,
Waves come dashing o'er our bark,
And we fail to see a spark
 From above,

Then it is we need to pray,
Lest the Devil win the day:
And we slip some down the way.
 Always pray.

WITH GOD.

'Tis well that you should join your life
With God, and enter in the strife
That He conducts against wrongs of mankind;
By so doing you a blessed life would find.

I ask you, then, this morning, to partake
Of all the sacraments His blood did make,
And file at once your willingness to do
The things He's mapped out for you.

The Church is back of every thing that's good;
From first to last, the Church has always stood
A helping hand to lend to every one.
The help that comes is from the blessed Son.

ANOTHER WORLD.

I am wondering if sometime,
In the long, long afterwhile,
Say in some other clime,
We'll love and laugh and smile.

You know the defects here,
The things that now impede,
Will not be there to fear;
From defects we'll be freed.

The burdens of this lowly life
Are numerous and complexed,
But God removes the strife
Somewhere this side the next.

TWO STREAMS.

I lived awhile beside two streams;
They were productive of day dreams.
I've looked on both from hill and bluff,
But ne'er could love them half enough,

The one flowed steady toward the east;
The other had no permanent lease.
The one was large and broad and deep,
Its waters often seemed asleep.

The other raged and foamed and roared,
And always muddy water poured;
Its general trend was east, of course,
Its banks changed oft by current's force.

I followed till they both were one,
I saw just how the work was done;
I also saw that boisterous stream
Into the large one roughly teem.

But all at once the waters cleared,
The mud it had all disappeared.
The stronger current took the weak,
They both together Ocean seek.

So God and man go towards the east,
But man's own course is fast and feast,
Is up and down, and out and in;
Life's current drives the man to sin.

If God meets man, that current strong,
Man cries aloud: "My way is wrong!
I want my life, Lord, hid in Thine;
Give me Thy spirit, Lord, divine."

I see the union, hear the cry;
I see the sin and wrong all die.
I look; behold, the work's complete!
I mark the place; 't is Mercy's seat.

THE SMILING SIDE.

Get up and look around and smile;
Don't wear that sour look all the while.
Don't you know you'll grow that way,
If you practice that every day?

There's a smiling side to every thing,
Just laugh a little, and then sing:
Give your thoughts a wider range,
You'll be surprised at the change;

Begin right now; look up and smile,
Thinking good thoughts all the while.
There, you are feeling better now
Things, just mentioned taught you how.

THE OTHER FELLOW.

It may not be that I will get
The life I hope to see;
But for myself I do not fret;
God will take care of me.

My thoughts are concerning him
I've known so many days.
Has my life been bright or dim
While walking in his gaze?

It is that I must reap the fruit
I've grown within his sight;
'Tis as a judgment in a suit,
But the judgment will be right.

A BAD STATE.

There are jealousy and selfishness and
 ignorance and guile,
Besides the sins of passion and appetite
 every little while;
Then come the sins of idleness and
 suspicion and hate.
Commit one or all of these, we find
 we've reached a state
That sends our mind a-jumping and
 our conscience to accuse,
And then a case of melancholy, and the
 whole world we abuse.
The antidote for one and all is plainly
 to be found
In that part of Christian living that is
 builted near the ground;

It comes second in foundation in the
 building you construct;
Repentance underlies it, repentance for
 such conduct.
The element I refer to in the lines just
 penned above
Comes between repentance and a God-
 given love.
Perhaps you may have guessed it, and
 you don't care
Whether I tell it to you ever; but we
 know the thing is prayer.

TROUBLE.

When trouble begins to begin,
When everything seems to come in,
And the weather is hot and dry,
There's no place to which you can fly.

You have then a case of disorder
Which brings you close to the border
Of a rage that stirs up the mind
And causes your sense to go blind.

To avoid these things in your life,
To control the oncoming strife,
'Tis well in the coolness of mind,
To prepare against going blind.

So when trouble begins to begin,
And everything seems to come in,
You'll be able to say to the lot:
"As to losing my sense, I will not."

THE FALL.

Brother, did it hurt you when you fell?
Did you feel you had lost all,
And you knew someone would tell,
That a Christian should not fall?

Don't stop here, my brother dear;
You will make it; try, try again.
God will make the whole thing clear;
By and by you'll say, "Amen."

All have fallen in the Christian race;
All men must have the bitter test;
God has given all men His great grace;
You will win just like the rest.

So I pray you now to rise and stand;
Do not continue there to lie.
God wants to take you by the hand;
If you lie there, you'll surely die.

CROSSING THE DIVIDE.

When I cross the Great Divide,
Step out on the other side,
Will the old gate open wide
For me?

There 's a statement in the Book
That has caused me long to look
Towards that happy pleasant nook
Over there.

There my name I trust is found
In that blessed Book writ down;
But faith, not name, is the ground
For admittance.

I have faith in Jesus Christ,
As the One who paid the price,
And I've taken His advice
Down here.

So when I have gone from here,
My friend Jesus will appear
In my behalf, my soul to clear
Before the Father.

RIGHT AND WRONG.

Go where you will in this world of ours,
Spend as you may your allotted hours,
Escape you can not the persistent powers
Of right and wrong.

As to your location, it matters not,
Nor the things you do, I care not what;
It will all have a bearing upon that spot,
Of right or wrong.

The power to escape this is not in you,
But you are accountable for what you do;
It is by Him you conquer and get through
Right, not wrong.

PULL NOW.

You had better be a-pulling
For some good cause now;
As sure as you quit pulling,
You will just forget how.

Then you ought to do something
Besides just help yourself.
Get down and work a little;
Don't just sit on the shelf.

Plenty work all around you,
You can find a lot to do,
And the harder you work
The quicker you'll get through.

I am counting on you getting
Very busy right away;
Hope you will do something
This very, very day.

LIFE.

You know the things you've done,
The battles you've lost and won,
The things unfinished but begun,
The kind of a life you've spun.

You know where life has been bright,
Where your life passed thru the night,
Where you've made a stiff fight,
What darkness you saw before light.

Dismiss the bad things of the past.
Of course, some things will last;
But God, Jesus, and Church hold fast,
In Heaven your anchor you'll cast.

AT THE ALTAR.

Two little hands held up to mine,
Two little eyes of the brightest kind,
Two little feet life's pathway to wind,
That's the little babe I find
At the altar.

I reach out for the precious soul,
Then reach into the baptismal bowl,
And go through the sacramental role;
That babe's within the Christian fold,
At the altar.

Mother, give your babe to Christ,
Listen to His wonderful advice;
Remember, He has paid the price,
Made the greatest sacrifice
At the altar.

ETERNAL LIFE.

I am going to live forever,
And work and play and sing,
To die, to die— no, never;
Death is an earthly thing.

I'll meet the reader somewhere
Out in God's great Expanse.
We say 't is over yonder;
I call it my great advance.

We leave the things of clay,
Old time and death and sin;
We meet the perfect day —
That is, friend, if we win.

CHANGE.

Are you still what you used to be?
Has there been no change you can see?
Are you yet both bond and free,
 To some things?

Do you feel you are worse in ways
Than you were in remembered days?
Is there something within that says,
 You better change?

Strength gains in you, right or wrong;
Stronger in either, if continued long.
'Tis harder to break the Devil's thong
 When time-locked.

Start the upward course without fail;
Pay attention to the cut of your sail,
Push out into a God-given gale—
 You'll be free.

VOLUNTEERS.

Jesus calls for volunteers,
But some children have deaf ears,
Some are always listening low,
As they go.

Lift your head, O blessed child;
Hear the Voice so sweet and mild.
He is calling you to-day;
Go His way.

He is asking you to bring
Some poor sinner to His wing,
So that He may shelter give,
In this world.

Won't you, to-day, seek out
A dear friend and show the route
To the Savior of mankind?
Lead the blind.

Jesus asks you to assist.
The request comes not amiss;
Comes from One who loves you
All the time.

SUCCESS.

Success depends on doing things
That are assigned to you.
That record always to you clings,
Depend on it, 't is ever true.

What people say has little weight;
Results speak much louder still.
Success will come, soon or late,
If you your task fulfill.

The power in you to bring to pass
Things in this life and land
Will go to waste, alas! alas!
Should you take it not in hand.

REMEMBER.

'Tis a good thing to remember,
That with every dying ember
We are slowly closing out
Our stock of days.

That the sands of life are dropping,
And we have no way of stopping,
Nor can we turn the glass
A little back.

If in Christ we have our hope fixed,
If with love we have no hate mixed,
We should smile and welcome on
The evening-time.

MY DREAM.

I had a dream the other night;
I dreamed I died without the light;
Some things I'd done were not just right—
I knew these things were in God's sight.

The dream then turned another way;
I heard the clerk to Peter say:
"Has he got prayers for every day?"
And Peter's answer was, "Yea, yea."

The Master heard the talk, and said:
"The sacrifice my Son has made
Is good for every man that's prayed
And that with prayer has sin outweighed.

"So bring the brother up to Me—
To all that pray salvation's free;
And send an angel here to see
That he is placed without a fee."

I waked to find myself down here.
I prayed at once, so to be clear;
But ever after I'll hold dear
The time I got to Heaven so near.

MUSIC.

There 's music on the wing to-night,
There 's music on the wing—
Keep the heart-fires burning bright,
And let the soul sing.

Throw up the windows 'bout the mind,
Let in the music strains—
Let every thought to-night be kind,
Soar up to higher planes.

'Tis music soothes us here below,
And greets us first above;
Then let us sing as on we go,
For music begets love.

So 'tis music on the wing to-night,
'Tis music on the wing;
Of earthly drudgeries lose sight,
And make His praises ring.

MORE GRACE.

I'm asking God, to-day, for grace
To help me on the way;
That I may sometime see His face;
Perhaps to hear Him say:

"At times you did just fairly well;
At times you failed Me so,
It often puzzled Me to tell
Just where you aimed to go.

"But I've concluded, here of late,
That you have better been;
So I've decided on your fate,
Forgiven all your sin.

I now admit you to this place,
As one that's saved from sin;
Therefore, the Savior of your race
Desires you now within."

CAUSE AND EFFECT.

If I could see the future days
That constitute my life's pathways,
If I could understand the thing
That what I do down here would bring;

In other words, if life to-day
Must enter in my future way,
If actions here are results there,
My life is doomed to dark despair.

Now this is where the Christ comes in,
To change to peace the path of sin;
And He alone can bring to bear
A power that shrives my soul out there

Of things that I did wrong down here,
And substitute a record clear.
Christ does this not because of force,
Nor is this way the natural course.

The thing that prompts Him to do this,
To lift my soul to heavenly bliss,
Is stated by the God above:
The whole thing rests on God's own love.

PAYING ORE.

The mind of man will wander
The whole earth o'er,
Always, to find it yonder,
Where lies the paying ore.

If we would dig the sand
That lies about our door,
We'd find we had rich land,
That yields more and more.

So let us cultivate the ground
That God assigns to each;
For in so doing man has found
Good ore within his reach.

Then bring the mind to bear
Upon the things in sight;
Your troubled soul will fare
In riches and delight.

MEMORY.

Sometimes we tarry for awhile
About some sacred spot,
Till memory ushers in a smile,
Or brings a tear-drop hot.

Beauties that have long passed by,
Sorrows that have gone,
Things that cause the soul to cry,
In sadness or in song.

Oh blessed memory that can bring
The beauties of the past,
Place them where they used to cling,
And have their lives recast!

Of course the sorrow and the joy
Are both together shown;
For pleasure here, without alloy,
Has never yet been known.

PRAYER.

O Lord, please hear my prayer;
For I am trying to get where
My life will be worth more to Thee;
A greater force I want to be.

Give me a heart of love and light;
Show me the path of the upright;
Plant in my soul Thy stern decree;
Unloose sin's bonds, and make me free.

Clear from my life the sin and wrong,
Create instead a prayerful song;
And give me faith to move the world,
And bear the missiles at me hurled.

I'll pray to-day, I'll pray to-night;
My prayer shall be for better light,
And all the time I'll bear in mind
The precious peace I hope to find.

O God, come now and touch my lips
With fire born on Thy finger-tips;
Cleanse Thou this life for me, I pray,
And then forever with me stay.

This must be done, for I am weak;
I am not worthy that I seek;
But Thou wilt bless a soul like mine,
Thy love is pure, Thy life sublime.

JUST ONE WAY.

It may be that we aim to get
To glory without God;
It may be we believe He'll let
Us just escape the rod;

But my opinion is that He
Will call us to account,
And show us how it could not be
That we to Heaven could mount

Without the help of Him who made
The way to that great Land,
And for our sins in blood He paid,
With pierced and bleeding hand.

So if we gain that better place,
When we pass on from here,
'Twill be alone by His great grace;
He makes our record clear.

RETURNS.

'T was said by a very wise man of the past,
That fruit would grow from the seed you cast;
He insisted that care in the seed you select
Should always be exercised in every respect.

Some seed look remarkably good outside;
Covering arranged nicely the inside to hide;
Some must be judged by the record they bear—
The inside good, the outside just fair.

Bear always in mind the wise man was right;
You'll gather the fruit in pain or delight;
Choose all your seed with the harvest in view,
If you want the returns to go well with you.

BEFORE THE JUDGE.

Soon I'll stand before the Judge Eternal;
Things there will seem strange to me,
Surroundings there will be supernal—
Will I recognize any thing I see?

The attention of the Judge I'll hold;
A while, at least, He will talk to me,
While I to Him my life unfold—
Then, oh then, what will my future be?

I do not want my whole life told,
I'd rather not hear anything of it;
For often I have into sin sold
My very being for a paltry bit.

One of two places to me He will assign;
There will be no appeal in the case;
The place He gives forever will be mine;
If saved, 't will be by His great grace.

So I will pray, to-night, again for peace,
Hoping, sometime, I may better be;
And from all sin I'll ask release.

I trust my God will hear and answer me.

ROWING.

When rowing down stream it is easy;
The current just bears you along,
You lazily sleep and are idle,
The whole world seems a sweet song.

But to row up stream it is different;
There is no time for sleeping or song,
You have got to use brain and muscle—
Slight either, you are apt to go wrong.

But in rowing down stream you weaken,
In pulling up stream you get strength;
In the one the level is lower;
In the other 'tis Heaven at length.

THANKSGIVING.

We are fixing soon to gather
Round the table and give thanks
For the blessings we've received
From God and man.

We are happy, or we should be,
For the place that we have reached,
And the hope that we'll be better
By and by.

Brother, look ahead and see the Star;
'Tis brighter now than e'er before;
We are closer the Bethlehem of rest,
Our Savior's door.

ACCUSED.

Have you ever been misused,
Or been wrongfully accused,
By those supposed to love you,
Whom you trusted in with faith?

Have you ever felt the sadness
In your soul, where once was gladness,
Caused by treachery and cunning,
By a person you had loved?

If so, you may know the Master;
For such events followed faster,
In the closing of His earthly life,
Than any one can tell.

From His journey o'er the roses,
Up until His great white life closes,
None have ever known men turning
So very quickly and complete.

But the beauty of a life is,
And we find that beauty in His,
Is the power to rise above
Base and scandalous assaults.

ADVANCEMENT.

The while I've been among you
I've tried my best to pray
That you should be successful
In this blessed Christian way.

So take a test this morning,
And see just how you stand;
Are you on the same old level?
Or have you higher land?

GOOD AND EVIL.

The good that we do,
And the evil too,
Will ever keep coming back.

We may not know
How the seeds grow
That we sow from either sack;

But there is to be
A bearing tree
From the things that we put out.

Then sow good seeds,
Produce good deeds;
Of returns there will be no doubt.

SINS OF THE WORLD.

The sins of the world are many,
To count them it could not be.
If sins were as large as a penny,
The bulk would be awful to see.

What amount do you contribute?
What space do you require?
Why is it you remain so mute?
Is your bulk still mounting higher?

I am trying to cut my space down,
I would like to do with less room;
I feel I am making God frown;
These sins will be my death's doom.

No earthly friend can disperse
The sins I've committed on earth;
With God I must surely converse,
For release from the power of mirth.

So I'll sin less to-morrow I say,
But that promise is as old as am I;
And I fear at the close of the day
The space required will be high.

MEDITATION.

I sat alone with my soul,
At the close of a summer's day,
When memory began to roll
The reel of my life in play.

The sun had gone out of sight,
The stars were coming in view,
The red in the western light
Gave the scene a richer hue.

I laughed and wept at the show,
I thrilled at times with delight,
And then my being would go
Into tremors of fearful fright.

I saw the beauties of living,
I saw the horrors of wrong;
I felt my soul was giving
A play in eternity's song.

Then Jesus touched me and said:
 "Things that are wrong I forgive."
I thanked Him, and sought my bed.
 Now I know I shall ever live.

LOADED.

Say, pity the poor man, my friend;
Have you no sympathy to lend?
That man has all he can carry,
He never has had a good fairy.

Your load may be light, as compared;
Your looks show you've better fared.
Then speak to the man, I pray;
Perhaps 'twill brighten his day.

Too often we fail to remember
That some live just in December,
While we have spring and fall,
But the seasons are not for all.

You say, you have not been the cause,
Nor did you make Nature's laws;
You'll just let him bear his load,
And pull on the hilly road.

Well, friend, that may be your way,
But there 'll be a judgment day;
Then a different doctrine proclaimed,
And a different policy named.

SPRINGTIME OF LIFE.

The springtime of life is youth,
So it is, we are told forsooth;
But why should we name it so?
These terms are used only below.

Perhaps in youth the body is best;
But of man, what about the rest?
You see there are two to each—
At least, that is what we teach.

So body, as compared with soul,
Will quickly reach a state of mould;
But years to man can't be laid;
There is no way for man to fade.

Then youth is an earthly term,
Implies, also, a deadly germ.
So, body, youth is your best time;
But man will enjoy another clime.

PLEASURES OF LIFE.

The pleasures of life are many,
Inviting and open to all.
Few refuse entirely, if any;
That number is generally small.

How far should indulgence be granted?
And where should the stopping be?
Some minds toward pleasure are slanted,
They wish all the pleasures to see.

The teachers of earth that were best,
Whose lives have been left on a page,
Have tried to example the rest,
Eschewing the pleasures of their age.

'Tis hard to control our emotions,
'Tis hard to break in on our way.
We say the best teachers had notions
That would not work well in this day.

A BEAUTIFUL SIDE.

There's a beautiful side to life;
'Tis pleasant, congenial, and true;
'Tis grown in gardens of strife,
'Tis planted and growing for you.

I know that it seems far away.
You say: 'Tis for others to know,
You were born on an unlucky day,
Your pleasures come seldom and slow.

But the beauties are not without,
They are hidden away in your heart;
And if you would reach them, no doubt,
You would find you had largely a part.

So open the windows and doors,
Let the light come into your soul;
Sweep the grumblings off your floors;
In their place the beauties will roll.

SOUL'S REST.

It is now and then the best
Just to give your soul a rest,
And an inventory take
Of the things we have at stake.

Just a few days off to think,
Let the thoughts of self just sink
To your secret life within,
Be it good or bad or sin.

This has saved so many souls
From the pest-house of the ghouls;
Brought a million good men back
From the Devil's blazed track.

Try it if you are slipping down.
I, myself, have often found
That this little time alone
Has much goodness to me blown.

GOD'S PROMISE.

The promise of an after-life to man,
The statement that "He will never die,"
Has caused so many men to say, "I can
Have a better life, for which I'll try."

'Tis best to study when we are in school;
'Tis work, but the lesson must be learned.
We often say, "The idle fellow is a fool;
Without study there is nothing earned."

So in this life we have a school for place,
All our time is cast up 'gainst our name.
We should strive while running in the race,
For idleness will be an eternal shame.

I mean, to strive our very best to live
The highest life our energy commands,
And always striving here to give
Our soul a chance to reach higher land.

CHARITY IS KIND.

I'd rather spend a million years
Upon this dear old sod
Than enter an eternity
Without the sight of God.

I try my best to do the right;
I have not always had the Light.
Sometimes it is as dark as night,
And black, to me, looks white.

I want to live the longest time—
Not that I always hear the chime
Of happy bells in my own clime,
Nor is this life of mine sublime.

I'm convinced of some few things;
The Bible has the clearest rings,
And truth it often at me flings,
Until my conscience fairly stings.

I know I am not living up
To laws made by the plate and cup,
And often, when I take a sup,
I find I've not prayed half enough.

So life up here, with all its toil,
Is better for a soul with soil
Than to be gathered in sin's foil
And burn forever in Hell's oil.

I do not know that I'd go there,
But surely I must go somewhere;
And I'm a sinner, I declare,—
To enter Heaven I won't dare.

That God has helped I do not doubt;
Oft has He driven the bad things out,
Cleaned my heart and faced me 'bout,
And given me start on His own route.

But things go wrong and I fall down,
And Hell has many a trailing hound,
And they are ever running round,
And when I fall they hear the sound.

They drag me towards that awful place;
I can not beat them in the race;
I meet the Devil face to face;
I think I get past my God's grace.

So 'tis much better in this land,
Although I build on sinking sand,
To get some pleasure from His hand,
Than reach that hot and burning strand.

For over there I'm taught to know
That blessings never come and go,
And surely pleasures never flow
In that dark region down below.

I'd hate to leave this world of pain
And reach a world all loss, no gain,
And there continue to remain
And never hear a sweet refrain.

The chance is even one to one,
And nothing in my life I've done
To merit goodness of the Son,
Who holds the key to every one.

I do not question His desire
To save my life from endless fire,
Or consequences just as dire,
That sin itself can well acquire.

My doubts are on the other side;
I do not try my doubts to hide,
Assuming I to Heaven can ride,
When by His law I don't abide.

I'm not alone in this old doubt,
For Peter let the secret out:
He asked the Master all about
How often He'd forgive a flout.

So when I sin and God forgives—
I sin again, the first sin lives—
Just then I act the part of Dives,
Again my soul from sin God shrives.

This thing continues day by day;
Ofttimes I have the roughest way;
At night I come to God and say:
"Forgive my sins, I am but clay."

How long do you suppose 't will last?
Will not God look upon my past
And say, "For him the die is cast:
His wicked sands are running fast"?

The God that saves my soul from Hell
Is larger than my tongue can tell,
He loves where I would hate as well,
And covers up my sin and smell.

The fact is, I'm not fit to die;
To live, to live I always cry,
The thought of death brings on a sigh;
For I can 't tell if Hell is nigh.

I want to live the longest while,
Upon this earth of frown and smile;
For I might drop down mile on mile,
And in with Dives and others file.

'Tis this conclusion that I draw:
No man on earth has kept the Law;
And I'm persuaded in my mind,
If I am saved God, must be kind.

NATURE.

I sometimes wonder if the trees can see
And hear and think and smell;
I wonder if my trees know me,
And love me good and well.

I love my trees and rocks and hills,
My sunshine and my sky;
I laugh and murmur o'er my rills,
I hear them shout and cry.

With nature it is sweet to dwell;
My soul goes out to live.
Old nature pleases me so well;
She has so much to give.

My God must be an artist true
To paint such scenes for me.
Just see the sunshine, see the dew,
Look at that great oak tree.

CHRISTMAS.

We now have reached the time
When the shepherds in their clime
Heard the music from above,
Calling all to peace and love.

We should cause our minds to turn,
And our very souls to yearn
For a glimpse of that dear Son,
Jesus Christ, the blessed One.

We shall see that Son one day,
If we walk the narrow way;
For He promised we might be
With Him, across death's sea.

WAR.

I knew a big, strong, sunburnt lad,
With sixteen summers gone.
She lived just down the road a pace;
He called her his "white swan."

They met at school, at church, at games,
Each knew the other's place;
No crowded house could shut from them
Each other's smiling face.

Four summers slipped across their path,
She had her nineteen years:
"I'll care for you with strongest arm,
My swan; please have no fears."

She took it from the mail-man's hand,
She recognized the call:
Her heart is buried in this land,
She heard his body fall.

PRAYER.

Lord, as I enter this New Year,
I pray Thee, help me to see
The chances clear,
To be of help to Thee.

And help me to unload
The bitter things;
And keep the road,
Using my prayer wings.

I want to help ungodly men
To see Thy face;
And pray for them,
When they begin the race.

It rests with Thee as to my stay,
I'm in Thy hands;
I trust I may
Help while in these lands.

FRIENDS.

Do you know one great reason
Why men have friends but few?
And then, again, the reason
Why men have friends so true?

'Tis neither wealth nor beauty,
For they draw not at all;
Nor is it strength or shrewdness—
Their drawing power is small.

There is a member given
For purpose good and true,
That moves the people quickly,
Always towards or way from you.

That member often moves about,
And always works with lung.
I guess you know the name of it,
I'm sure it rhymes with 'mong.

GO THROUGH.

If the fire be hot, my friend,
If the fire be hot;
If you walk to the furnace end, my friend,
And falter not;

If the wind be cold, my friend,
If the wind be cold;
If you battle against its trend, my friend,
With courage bold;

If the scourge be sharp, my friend,
If the scourge be sharp;
If you can say Amen, my friend,
And pick up your harp;

If in fire and wind and scourge, my friend,
You murmur not;
If you pray God to send, my friend,
No matter what,

So you may always be, my friend,
So you may be,
When this earthly life ends, my friend,
What God would see;

Then I say to you, my friend,
I say to you,
That you with God shall spend, my friend,
Eternity. Adieu.

PRAY NOW.

'Tis better to pray while you are well
Than to wait till you hear the death knell
That will sound at your parting day,
And then feel compelled to pray.

You may say, while enjoying good health,
And perhaps while amusing yourself,
That sometime, at no distant day,
You are pledging yourself to pray.

To pray now is better than pledge;
And it may be you are nearing the edge
Of this probationary state;
Then why not pray ere too late?

Your worship our God is expecting;
But, brother, you still keep neglecting,
Till some day it may be too late
To escape from an unpardoned state.

Now God has made ample provision,
And there is no class division;
You are counted, paid for, and bought;
And God says, "You are earnestly sought."

Then why not ask God to come near?
I know from experience He'll hear.
And then whisper into His ear:
"O God, will you ever stay near?"

"And please to forgive all offenses,
And excuse all my passed defenses,
And receive me back in the fold,
For this sinful world is so cold."

Then God will rejoice at your action,
Give to your soul satisfaction;
And you 'll ever thereafter remember
That action of God so tender.

No, brother, don't put off the matter,
Allowing some evil to flatter
Your soul, and from God to sever
The life that must live on forever.

COWARDICE.

'Tis a shame to be a coward,
 'Tis a shame to fear to fight;
All advances ever gained
 Were by men who fought for right.

But the coward or objector,
 Conscientious he may be,
Accepts the freedom purchased—
 No objections to being free.

Curious how some conscience shudder
 At the thought of shedding blood;
That same conscience takes possession
 Of that very blood-bought mud.

Reaps the fruits of land made fertile
 By the bodies of brave men,
But complains of fighting for it:
 He lets another brave life end.

DEATH.

Lord, I did not know
That I would go
This way.

I had supposed
That at the close
I would

Go by degrees,
And not with ease
Like this.

To die is not
Exactly what
I feared.

I'm in Thy hand;
I've left my land
For Thine.

MOTHER'S GIFT.

It may be that some mother
Has given her last mite
To help in this great struggle,
That plunged the world in night.

It may be the Master's watching,
As each contribution goes
Into the great collection,
To fight against the foes.

Some, perhaps, are giving lightly,
Claiming to be without the funds;
Saying, "Let the other fellow
Give his all to whip the Huns."

Well, I guess the great Accountant,
In the office up on high,
Will be calling that light giver
To accounting by and by.

Put your all upon the altar,
Give until you feel the pain;
Help to move from every traitor
This humiliating stain.

HEAVEN BELOW.

I heard a mother singing
As she washed the children's clothes;
Her home, a shack, was rented—
How she sang God only knows.

Children in the home were four,
Boys and girls broke even;
All were in the city schools,
She, herself, in Heaven.

Stepping up to her, I said:
"You seem most happy here."
"Well, yes, I am this morning,
My Jesus is so near."

Oh, had we more sweet singers
Upon this dear old sod,
We'd be in Heaven all the time,
We'd be so near to God.

DO RIGHT.

If every one would do the right,
And live well up to all his light;
If every one would keep the road,
And gladly bear his part the load;

This world would be a better place,
And God would bless the human race
As ne'er before since man can tell.
Don't you believe 'twould pay us well?

WHO LEADS?

Is the Devil getting holt?
Does he give your soul a jolt?
Is he holding your life back?
Has he got you off the track?

Don't you fear to be with him?
Don't you find his visage grim?
Does he ever laugh or smile?
Isn't he sour all the while?

Honest, is your heart all right?
Are you keeping in the light?
Do you feel that all is well?
Does your life no story tell?

God may call you any time.
Hope 't will be to that bright clime
Where no pains nor partings be,
Up in Heaven, 'cross death's sea.

EASTER.

If Christ be risen from the dead,
And you deny the fact,
Do you expect that Christ to save
Your soul against your act?

If we are saved by faith alone,
And you possess it not,
There is no way He can atone;
Rejected is your lot.

To-day this world speaks out to Him
In joyous praise and love.
I know our vision may be dim,
But He sees from above.

THE PATH.

The path of the just is perfect;
But who are the just, I pray?
Are there men and women living
Who sin not from day to day?

I have seen the path so often,
I have crossed it so many times;
I know it is in existence—
I can tell by the soul chimes.

It is foolish to say that I never
Get off the path at all;
That I never depart from the perfect;
That I never stray nor fall.

But I'll be at the gate on departing,
I'll be at the proper door;
I'll enter the blessed portals,
I'll land on the jeweled shore.

For God has promised He'll take me
By faith to the Better Land,
And faith is strong in my bosom
My faith takes hold of His hand.

OUR LIFE.

There are those about us ever
That we love, and wish them well.
Do we speak of Christ? No, never.
Are we Christians? Can they tell?

Does our talk and walk admit it?
Can they see it in our life?
Are our lamps trimmed up and lit?
Do our actions show no strife?

We give off in way and manner,
All our statements just as strong
As if painted on our banner,
Statements acted, right or wrong.

Jesus walking, talking, acting,
Gives in each the same impress.
He deceives not, but exacting
Perfect love, and nothing less.

PLEASURE.

If we try to be of value,
If we try to help along,
We receive our pay in pleasure,
Life will be a cheerful song.

For by making others happy
We will often smile and sing;
We 'll be helping out the Master,
Working at the real thing.

There 's a mission for each person,
There 's a talent in each heart;
The world would be much better
If each one would do his part.

GOOD-BYE.

Good-bye, Old Year, good-bye.
You brought me laugh and sigh,
Old Year, you brought me both;
But brought no oath, no oath.

I loved you well, Old Year,
I loved you well—and dear
Old Year, I cry for you.
Old Year, adieu, adieu!

CHURCH POWER.

We are building up a power
That matures at that hour
We are called upon to go
From this world of sin and woe.

This church power is so great,
It will open Heaven's gate,
Pass you to the heavenly zone,
Bring you to the Master's throne.

You can get that power here,
But the purchase price is dear;
'Tis submission to God's will,
Then the power God doth instill.

You may have it or may not;
If you have it, I know what
You will find in that sad hour:
It will be this church got-power.

WAR STORM.

When the storms begin to gather
On the covering overhead,
And you call to mind some storming
That has left a track of dead.

You begin at once to wonder,
As the lightning plays its fire,
If it would not be much better
To look up a little higher.

For we all well know the trouble
That a little cloud can make,
And we know it is far better
That the prayerful way we take.

This war storm has grown in largeness,
Until all the heaven is black,
And the mind of man is hunting
For that old-time peaceful track.

Therefore hunt your God in earnest,
Find Him quickly, ere too late;
For we've got to win this battle,
Else slavedom will be our fate.

SAD DAYS.

Some days may be weary and sad,
But in them I'll smile back to Thee;
For I shall forever be glad
Thy promise of sunshine to see.

Oh keep me through seasons of fear,
And trials that cause me to sigh;
Make to me Thy promises clear,
And bring me to meet Thee on high.

I ever shall praise Thy dear name,
And trust in Thy power to save;
I know that my sins are a shame,
And sometimes my soul they enslave.

But Thou art redemption and peace;
Thy power shall save me from hell;
On eternal life I've a lease,
And with Thee I know 't will be well.

THE RISEN CHRIST.

He is risen! He is risen!
And our Christ is living still.

He is risen! He is risen!
From the grave on Calvary's hill.

Peace and quiet, love and light,
Sang the angels on that night.

Now we sing a risen Lord,
Let us live then in accord

With that anthem angels sung,
While the star in heaven hung

O'er the manger, o'er the grave,
Shines now on Salvation's wave.

KEEP HAPPY.

The way to keep healthy, wealthy,
and wise
Is to keep goodness and beauty
before your eyes.

The way to be merry, laugh,
and feel fine
Is to keep your lamp burning and let
your light shine.

All this is accomplished in just one
way,
By saluting the Master quite often
each day.

For 'tis Heaven, my friend, where-
ever you find
The peace of the Master and His
love sublime.

The mind and the soul and the heart
 of a man
Can bring about Heaven on the
 above plan.

BETHLEHEM.

Under the stars, far, far away,
Is a spot of earth most dear;
For away back in Herod's day
It held a King, whose title was clear.

That King rose from that earthly grave,
But He hallowed that spot of ground;
He gave His life for man to save,
And He lives where man is found.

Yes, under the stars, in an eastern clime,
There's a spot of earth where lay
The Prince of Mankind in death sublime,
But He wakened, and is living to-day.

I cannot see that spot out there,
I've never been near the place;
But often the risen King can hear,
And John saw His lovely face.

I wish I might see that spot of earth,
And think the thoughts 't would compel.
The spot won't save from a world of mirth;
'T is Jesus who keeps me from Hell.

JESUS NEAR.

I sometimes wonder how close
 Jesus is to me;
I often feel His presence, but His
 form I cannot see.
I know He sees the workings
 of my very soul,
I know He wishes often
 my thoughts to mould.
'Tis hard for me to reconcile
 my life with right;
I sometimes wonder if there is
 a soul without a night.
Of course, the major part
 of my life is good,
But there are things I would
 eliminate if I could.

But Jesus is my best friend,
 this I know;
And to my Friend, for strength,
 I often go;
But He is so pure, I sometimes
 feel afraid.
Of course, my earthly friends
 give comfort and aid.

MOTHER AND CHILD.

When the mother and the child
Bow together for awhile
In earnest prayer to God,
At close of day,

That may be the child's support
When he's called to hold the fort
'Gainst temptation and its allies,
In the fight.

So the mother in her time
May assist the child to climb
To the promised Land of Rest,
By her prayers.

But the mother may not do
That to help her children through,
And the child may fail to win
In the fight.

Mother, wake up to your chance,
In your prayer take the advance,
Lead your child to pray to God;
Help him win.

SOON.

Somewhere, I do not know the place,
The blessed Jesus shows His face;
I'm anxious as a child can be,
That blessed, blessed face to see.

I wonder if He'll treat me as
A friend of mine so often has:
Look once my way, then turn aside,
And ever after seem to hide.

Or will He smile and say to me:
"My dear friend Durham, glad to see.
I trust you're happy on the way.
Behold, we have a pleasant day"?

Of course I'm not worth such a greet,
But 'tis that way when some friends meet,
And Jesus loves His friends so well
He may surprise me—I can't tell.

But I'm to see Him, this I know;
For He has promised I shall go
At last to meet Him Judgment Day—
With Him to stay, my God I pary.

ROOMS.

All the rooms cannot be front ones,
All the lives cannot be first:
Some must labor in the kitchen,
Some of life must get the worst.

But the front rooms may be jail-like,
Cold and stiff, with musty air,
With a melancholy feeling
And a cold and distant stare;

While the kitchen may be sunny,
Warm, congenial, full of light,
Odor of the best of spices,
Brightest fruits to greet the sight.

Ah! the room will make no difference;
'Tis the things without, within,
That make the walls of your old kitchen
Full of beauties to the brim.

OPEN GATEWAY.

He that makes an open gateway
To a land of any kind
May be hailed a benefactor;
Some may worship at his shrine.

As the land is beneficial,
As its beauties claim the mind,
Some will call his name immortal,
Some will call his life sublime.

Jesus op'ed the gate eternal
With a key His life did forge,
Blazed the way for every sinner,
Built a highway 'round the scourge.

Hail Him gladly, this day, sinner;
Cheer Him until Heaven shall ring;
He has forced life's gateway open,
And He calls on us to sing.

WITH JESUS.

When my heart has ceased to beat,
And my life is in retreat,
And old earth is closed to me,
With whom then shall I be?

Will the Jesus of my song,
Whether I be right or wrong,
Be my solace and my guide,
Cross death's sea on t'other side?

I don't want the evil band
Holding to my spirit hand,
Laughing as we breeze along,
Singing their defiant song.

No; my faith is still supreme.
No; His blood is to redeem,
And I pray to Him each day.
Sure, I know who'll lead the way.

So when I depart from here,
I'll go out into the clear;
I'll go up to better things;
I'll go up on purchased wings.

TIME FLIES.

We have closed another year,
And we each have shed a tear,
And we all have had our joy;
Tear and joy, we have alloy.

We are better, or are worse;
We may merit love or curse;
But we can't rub out the past—
It must stand, alas! alas!

But it can be covered up
With the contents of that cup,
Never more to lift its head,
Hid away by blood He shed.

Do you now repent your wrongs?
Does your conscience lay the thongs?
Are you sorry in your heart?
If so, Christ will take your part.

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